

# Brunette

Vol. 1 No. 3

Notes on Bagging The  
Brunette Bombshell

Black Magic

Modern Males  
Prefer Brunettes

Dark Deception

Brunette Mistress

Adults Only







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# Brunette

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# MR. BLUE



by  
E. M. ADAIR

Miss Gloria Upjohn had a teasing smile, and hair black as night, but it was her knees which continued to drive him wild.

He had to live with them, those beautiful knees, day after day, and the sight of them kept him in a state of pure misery.

They had the smallest dimples in them, and he dearly loved dimples. So cute, so pertly provocative they were that, as he watched them under her typing table, he thought surely he'd go mad if he didn't get to kiss them at least once in his lifetime.

Seated behind his own desk piled high with mountains of paperwork, he often wondered if Miss Upjohn had any suspicion as to how he felt about her tempting knees. He fervently hoped not, for he would be terribly embarrassed.

He knew he was, by all standards, a very unattractive man. No, worse than that, ugly even. Might as well come out and admit it. He wore owlsh glasses and he was thin and kind of desk-light pale and desk-work stooped, and his mouth was much too thick-lipped for his narrow face.

Even his name — Jeremiah Blue — had a dismal ring to it. He hated the absurdly comical way it rhymed with things. Is that you, Blue? What's new, Blue? Hey, Blue, I wanta see you. Are you through, Blue? How do you do, Mr. Blue?

The hot summer day she caught him

staring so avidly at her bare knees was easily the worst day of his life. He could have died right then and been the better off for it, his suffering was so intense.

Actually, he'd been in a sort of hypnotic state, so great was his fascination, and he had no idea how long he'd been staring under her typing table. The white texture of her skin around the dimples intoxicated him beyond all reason.

When he finally came to the realization that she was studying the rapt expression of lust in his owlsh eyes, his heart stopped beating and the damned up blood of his veins all flushed into his face, turning him red as the lipstick on her amused, teasing mouth.

She burst into a laugh.

"Why, Mr. Blue! I never dreamed you cared!"

continued on next page



Jeremiah Blue was so embarrassed he was forced to hid his face in his hands. It was impossible to meet her laughing eyes again. He didn't know what in God's name he was going to do.

But Miss Upjohn evidently took pity on him, for the next thing Blue knew, he felt he soft palm on the nape of his neck, and heard her say:

"It's all right, Mr. Blue, I'm really not mad at you."

She giggled impulsively.

"Isn't it crazy how your name always rhymes! But listen, I'm going to leave the office for a few minutes. When I return we'll pretend that nothing has happened. It will all be forgotten. Does that suit you, Mr. Blue? Oh gosh!"

He managed a hoarse sound between the hands which were hiding his face.

"Thank you, Miss Upjohn. I'm so mortified. So sorry. Thank you very much. You're more than kind."

From that day forth the incident was never mentioned again, and Jeremiah Blue breathed easier. But now something about Miss Upjohn's prim business-like attitude completely mystified him. She set at her typewriter and typed, and hardly ever glanced his way unless spoken to. But those lovely dimpled knees of hers, she kept vicariously displayed for him to admire. She even re-shuffled the position of her typing table on its rollers, so that his view was not inconvenienced.

At first he dared not allow himself even the smallest direct peek. But can a thirsting man deny water forever?

Within a week Jeremiah Blue was staring at Miss Upjohn's entrancing knees openly, knowing full well that she knew. It was kind of her, he came to realize, to allow him this pleasure. Miss Upjohn understood his loneliness and timidity, and he was ever so grateful to her. She was being kind, so very kind.

For awhile he found himself in a constant state of happiness. When he was called into one of the other offices by a superior, someone always remarked jovially, "Hey, Blue, what's come over you? I never saw you smile before. Now you grin all the time! What keeps amusing you, Blue? Act like you checked over a couple hundred bucks or something! Could that be true, Blue?"

"Of course not," said Jeremiah Blue, not liking the insinuation, which frightened him just a little. There had been a hundred dollar overage some six months back, and he'd for the first time succumbed to temptation, and taken the money home and hidden it carefully. As time passed,

and no mention of the overage having been made, he'd had it transformed from small denomination into a solid one hundred dollar bill, which he then tucked neatly behind the secret flap of his wallet. Being rather poorly paid, the money gave him a small comfortable feeling of wealth.

So at present all was well in the life of Jeremiah Blue. He was the owner of a hundred dollar bill, and the happy admirer of Miss Upjohn's devastatingly beautiful, dimpled knees.

But as surely as one temptation follows another, it happened that Jeremiah became dissatisfied with simply the viewing of Miss Upjohn's lovely knees. Watching them hour after hour, he came sorely desired to caress them. Those delicate dimples etched themselves in fire upon his imaginative brain, and he found himself dreaming constantly of them, alone, in his little bachelor flat on East 98th Street.

One afternoon in the office the telephone rang and Jeremiah answered it.

"Let me speak to Dimples," issued a husky male voice.

"Dimples?" said Jeremiah Blue. "I don't know anyone by that name—"

But Miss Upjohn was ready politely lifting the instrument from his trembling hands.

"It's a silly name some of my close friends call me, Mr. Blue."

He stared up at her open-mouthed. She laughed impulsively and touched his amazed nose with the perfumed tip of a teasing finger, and before he could gather his wits, she said, "Surely YOU can imagine WHY, Mr. Blue."

After that he found himself consumed with jealousy. The man on the phone had sounded so possessive. His request had been more in the form of a demand. And Dimples — Miss Upjohn had spoken to the men with such undertones of intimacy, that it set the brain of Jeremiah Blue on fire with envy and a kind of murderous sensation of wonder. Jeremiah had come to feel that those dimples were his and his alone. The idea that anyone else should be brash enough to even NOTICE them, pounded upon his blood cells with sledgehammer rage.

His frustration drove him to get a little drunk that night, which was unusual for him, and after he wobbled from the bar to his flat he found he could not sleep. The alcohol quickly wore off, leaving his nimble mind in a state of sharp focus, and all through the black painful night he stared at the image of Miss Upjohn there on the dim ceiling, her lovely knees, dim-

ples and all, and his lips moved in silent, tortured, whispers.

The next day Miss Upjohn calmly rolled her typing table closer to his desk, allowing him the knowledge that the texture of her skin was even more velvety than he had previously dreamed. And, in his confused state of tensed sleeplessness, he would have sworn that one of those taunting dimples actually WINKED at him.

Jeremiah swallowed gulpiy, and broke out in a sweat. What in God's name was happening to him! By quitting time he was beside himself with desire.

"Miss Upjohn!" he blurted before he could think.

"Yes, Mr. Blue?"

It was too late — he might as well blurt on.

"Miss Upjohn — I've got to make love to you, I can't stand it any longer. You're so beautiful, so crucifixingly beautiful! I watch you day after day . . . I simply can't go on!"

"Mr. Blue!"

His voice escaped him at the utter shock in her tone, and he couldn't face her, so he averted his eyes to the paper-littered desk top before him, felt the flush of embarrassment about to take hold in abject misery.

"I — I'd do anything, Miss Upjohn," he said desperately. "I — I'd pay you! I'd pay you a hundred dollars!"

There was a horrible silence in which he couldn't look up, could only wonder at the density of disgust which surely must fill her eyes.

Finally.

"How much did you say, Mr. Blue?"

"A hundred dollars. It's every penny I've got!"

He heard the rolling back of her table as she arose, but still he couldn't face her.

"It's five minutes to quitting time, Mr. Blue. Do I have your permission to leave a bit early?"

His heart sank. "Of course, Miss Upjohn . . . naturally."

At the door she paused, and he waited in a suspenseful hell for the blast of outraged female fury he knew was bound to come.

"Do you have my address, Mr. Blue?"

"Yes I do," said Jeremiah.

"Then I'll be expecting you around eight."

Blue glanced up, mouth hanging stupidly open.

"And don't forget to bring your hundred dollars!"

Miss Upjohn gave him a mocking smile and disappeared.

He went to her apartment that evening

and when she opened the door at his hesitatingly timid knock, he found her adorned in something of a sheer pink material which took his breath. Her raven hair had been combed out long, so that it cascaded in a shiny black cloud-mass around her shoulders.

He couldn't bring himself to move, so Miss Upjohn laughed and took him by the hand and practically yanked him inside.

"Come in, Mr. Blue, so I can close and lock the door. I can't let the world see me dressed like this!"

Jeremiah stood and gazed upon her loveliness, and he didn't for the life of him know what to do next. She pirouetted about him teasingly, and the light being what it was behind her, reflected through the sheer pink stuff with swooning impact.

"Do you like me, Mr. Blue?"

"You — you're maddeningly beautiful, Miss Upjohn, I swear you are!"

She giggled and took his hand and led him like a baby to the sofa where she pushed him down and perched on his lap. The aroma of her perfume sent his brain to reeling, and in this helpless state of intoxication, he found himself brashly trying to kiss her white throat.

But a dainty finger across his lips stopped him.

"Haven't you forgotten something, Mr. Blue?"

"Forgotten something?"

"The money, Mr. Blue. The hundred dollars you promised."

"Oh, yes, excuse me, Miss Upjohn. I have it right here. Raise up just a bit, will you?"

Miss Upjohn stood briefly while he dug into the secret compartment of his wallet for the hundred dollar bill, and when his trembling fingers extended it toward her, he gasped and noticed that the sheer pink stuff Miss Upjohn had been wearing was now being slung across his shoulder.

"Oh Jesus!" blurted Jeremiah Blue.

Miss Upjohn giggled, and crawled naked into his lap.

From that time on Jeremiah Blue visited Miss Upjohn not less than once a week, and each time he forked over another hundred dollar bill, which he had taken from the company till. He did this with full knowledge that his inevitable doom was to come. But he could not help himself. Miss Upjohn was like dope to him. He could not more love without her torrid love than he could stop breathing.

The horror which persecuted him was this: what in God's name would he do when they found him out and sent him

to prison where he could never again know the wonders of Miss Upjohn's all-consuming body? Nights of terror, alone in his little darkened room, left him weak with the strain of worry, and he was forced to clamp his eyes tight shut to keep the vision of laughing dimpled knees from mocking him into complete insanity.



Miss Upjohn had him cruelly ensnared in a web of his own making, and his plight was hopeless. The blood of his heart was enslaved to her. And she made him

pay pay pay.

It was time for the auditors to check his books, and on the fateful morning they appeared, he handed Miss Upjohn a sealed letter admitting his guilt.

"I am nothing but a common thief," he told her. "And when they discover the shortage, please tell them I can be found at home."

"Whatever are you talking about, Mr. Blue?"

"I bought your love with company funds," he said, and then he grinned wryly, and added with a sudden recklessness he'd never before experienced within himself. "But I don't regret it, Miss Upjohn, not for a minute." And he even went so far as to lift her dainty fingers gallantly to his lips. "I'd steal for you any day in the week!"

Then he donned his hat and left the office, and as he passed through the door leading onto the street he grinned and thought: What the hell. . . . It was worth it! It most certainly was!

"Yoo-hoo, Mr. Blue-hoo. . . ."

He turned to see Miss Upjohn hurrying toward him. "Wait, Mr. Blue, wait!"

She was tuffing the envelope back into his hand.

"You don't have to do this, Mr. Blue. I just that minute slipped the money back into the safe, Mr. Blue. They'll find nothing wrong."

"You did WHAT?" said Blue.

"You think I'm stupid, Mr. Blue? Of course I knew you were stealing that money."

"You did?" Jeremiah was flabbergasted.

"And I kept it handy in my purse so that the instant danger arrived I could slip it back into the safe. Oh, I DO love a man who'll STEAL for me, Mr. Blue!"

"You do?"

"Yes I do. And I did everything I could to drive you to it."

"But I don't understand — I — I'm so unattractive. . . ."

He was drowned in that devastating smile again, which had a way of turning his blood to water.

"Handsome men are a dime a dozen, Mr. Blue. But a man who'll STEAL for love. . . . Oh, Mr. Blue, that's just the very end! I just love you to death for it, Mr. Blue!"

And it finally came to him, and he grabbed her and kissed her, for at long last he knew, that the luckiest guy in the world today, was a guy named:

Blue.

# Brunette Rhapsody

It usually takes a flashy blonde to tear a man's attention from the more serious, down to earth aspects of his day-to-day battle for survival, but blondes are ephemeral things, like butterflies, expending their time of beauty in an arresting fingersnap burst of glory.



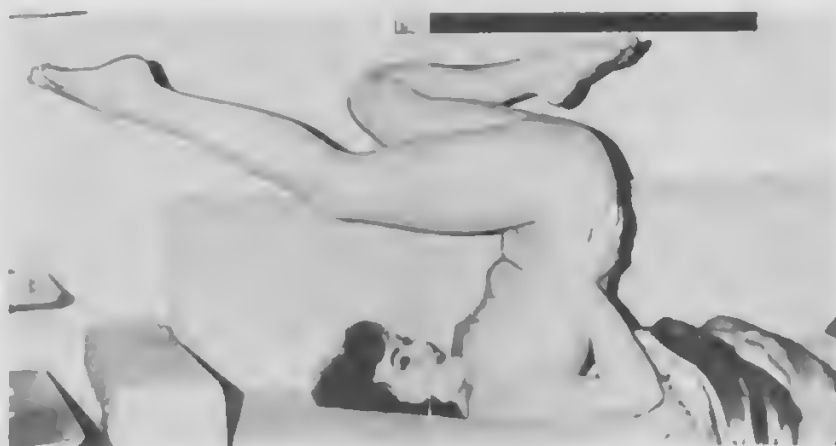




But the woman who wins her man from within, whose subtle all pervading charm, whose enduring vivid sexuality blossoms again and again. With every breath he takes is invariably a brunette. Her hair is no abnormal corona, no halo form near eastern mythology, but a curly cap of unpretentious femininity, surmounting a curvesome confexion of willing winch. But few men will call her goddess for who in his right mind wants to make love to a goddess. But most men call her "my 'own" with the strange ferocious pride that says no other girls like this have breathed before. Our hearts belong to the dark haired girls, tan, ruddy, olive complexion and our dreams are bound by their midnight curls and their talents for affection.









# BRUNETTES ARE BETTER IN BED

ARTICLE BY TONY SPENCER

Since we were knee-high to a grasshopper and thought the damn things were mint-flavored milkshakes, we have heard the line, "Gentlemen prefer blondes." A little while later we found out what a gentleman is: a schnook who plays according to Emily Post, and is too well-bred to indulge in any extra-curricular breeding of his own.

As might be suspected, we grew up with a fine disdain, almost a loathing, for any man foolish enough to want to be a gentlemen. We were far more interested in wining and wenching to indulge in Post-lan pastimes. (Mrs. Post and her sort probably think of us as dogs, but if so, we have the same opinion of her as any dog has of any post.) The important thing was to score — and we resented that idea that blondes were for gentlemen. A blonde has a much right as a brunette or a redhead to be seduced, we figured. Saving them for gentlemen was downright unsportsmanlike.

(Sportsmen, fortunately, do not have to be gentlemen. The goal of the sportsman is to play the game, to have a ball, and to bag his limit of dear. He has to have good aim, a steady eye, a knowledge of his quarry's weak points, and above all, a loaded gun. Gentlemen wouldn't know what to do with half of this equipment.)

Anyway, we were still relatively inexperienced when it came to curvaceous quarry, and totally inexperienced when it came to blondes. Sighting a likely prospect, we set to work using standard ammo and our best 110-pound leader line. As with any other type of catch, the yellow-haired small-mouthed less took the bait and wound up in our creel. Rejoicing, we began to partake of the spoils of the hunt.

Spoils is right. The doil was spoiled

through and through. All this malarkey about how wonderful blondes are had gone to her head. She was unbearable, insurmountable, impregnable, an inconceivable mess of inflated ego. She had the stupid idea that we came to worship at the shrine of her beauty.

Always broadminded, we gave her the benefit of the doubt and threw her back, figuring that we shouldn't let one specimen sour us on the whole group. Once in a while you'll run into a brunetta like that.

Broadminded, that's us. Immediately we set out to bag another blonde. The woods were full of them, and hunting was good.

Same story, with minor variations. This one insisted that we act in a gentlemanly fashion towards her at all times.

Still hopeful, we went after another. She was a bit better, but still far beneath the worst brunette we'd ever landed.

In all, we hauled in half a hundred of the blonde variety, and only three showed any promise whatsoever. Of the fourteen we got as far as we intended with, only one showed any signs of talent: the rest of them had the attitude, "I've done you the biggest favor of your life just by getting in bed — you don't expect me to DO anything while I'm here, do you?"

Needless to say, we weren't impressed. We went back to brunettes and proceeded

to study their whys and wherefores in addition to just enjoying them as before. And we came up with a firm conviction that brunettes are much, much better in bed.

The reasons why are varied, but most of them are related to the fact that the average blonde is like a lighthouse, with her topmost beacon attracting every male eye in miles. Brunettes learn early in their careers that if they are to compete, they've got to show something promising in order to attract the same amount of attention. They've got to work for their rewards.

It's this habit of earning admiration instead of just accepting it as their god-given due that makes the difference. It's a habit that creeps into all areas of a girl's life, making her work harder at her job, study harder in school, compete harder in a social sense, and make love as if the outcome of the evening depended upon her honest efforts instead of just the brilliance of her hair.

This is not to say that there are no brunettes with beautiful hair — far from it.

A good many brunettes, for that matter, take pride in their hair, but again, they put in long hours combing and brushing it so it gleams just so.

Still, if they're put next to a blonde who has spent the same number of hours on her hair, they're automatically runners-up. They've got to compete by doing something.

Another point to bear in mind is that there are more brunettes than blondes, and therefore more competition within the group. Blondes never really have to learn to compete. Why the ideal sex symbols of our generation should have been blondes (Monroe, Mansfield, Herlow, etc.) is a good question, and one which we are not prepared to answer.

Admittedly, blondes can be beautiful. Blondes can be glamorous. Blondes can be eye-catching as hell. But brunettes almost invariably score higher in performance categories. Brunettes tend to be more passionate, more responsive, more appreciative than their high-key sisters.

Furthermore, brunettes are hardier. They don't bruise as easily. They have greater endurance and more enthusiasm. (And, as one wag put it, they don't show dirt as easily.)

The ideal bedmate, someone once said, is a girl with flashing black eyes, white thighs, and hair the color of coal. The Polynesian prototype, as exemplified by such sloe-eyed sirens as France Neuyen and Anne Blythe, is the sort of vision which inhabits real men's dreams.

Blondes are great as long as all you want is something to wear on your arm and take to the best restaurants, but if you are looking for the best in bed, make the fact that she's a brunette the first qualification on your list. Even a black-root blonde will do, for you can be assured that the only thing about her which is false is her hair color. The rest is beautifully brunette.





# BRUNETTE

# Mistress

By MARK FOREMAN

It took a lot of looking to find Mireille, but when Victor Lawes finally located her he knew she was what he wanted. The contrast to his recently ex-wife Cora was startling: in the first place, Mireille was feminine. Cora could never have been accused of that. Mireille was also sweet, understanding, cooperative, pleasant, pliant—and she looked at him as if she were about to start a new religion.

One thing Cora had, Vic had to admit, grudgingly, was a magnificent body. The type of body that promised everything. It was a pity that she never delivered.

Victor Lawes was ruminating along these lines as he made his first point-by-point comparison of the two women. Mireille was tiny, and the feel of her in his arms this night was something wonderful.

"You are something wonderful," he whispered, his lips brushing the pink perfection of her left ear.

"Only because of you, darling," she murmured. Cora had never said anything even vaguely similar to that. Cora would have retorted: "And you'd better remember it!"

Despite his anti-women sentiments, which had reached their peak during the week of the divorce, Vic found himself falling in love with this exotic Eurasian beauty. Mireille's father was French, her mother Chinese, and their union had produced a girl who blended the best qualities of both races.

It was odd, of course, the way they had met. It had been just a week ago, and Vic had been on one of his now periodic 'slave-buying' expeditions. He accepted it for what it was, an attempt to buy the services of beautiful girls in various capacities, in order to work off his hostilities. Vic was enough of an amateur psychologist to recognize this need in his emotional makeup. He knew that when this appetite had been satisfied, has been worked off, he could return to normalcy. But in the meantime, he intended to enjoy his own self-prescribed therapy to the hilt.

Temporarily tired of prostitutes, and furthermore unable to afford a really good

one, he settled for the dime-a-dance palace on Main Street. Mireille was one of the "hostesses."

"I suppose," he said during his first quarter's worth, "a lot of guys tell you their troubles."

She had smiled up at him. "Not many," she had replied in a surprisingly cultured voice. "Most of them just come here to hold a real girl in their arms."

"You're real—there's no denying that," he had said. It wasn't inspired dialogue, but it seemed to please her, for she snuggled her compact little figure closer to him.

"I suppose," he began again, "a lot of guys want to know what a girl like you is doing in a joint like this, too."

Again she smiled, and Vic felt a tingle of power because he held in his arms a girl who had to answer him when he spoke, who had to, in fact, do anything he asked of her within the limits of the contract. "A girl has to live," she told him. "In an office you have men making passes at you—the same thing here—only here I get paid for it. You dance wonderfully."

Cora had said that once, too, before their marriage. It's strange how a simple ceremony can change a woman's personality. Vic would never have married her if he had known she would turn into a domineering shrew the minute she was legally his wife. Girls like Mireille were a distinct pleasure.

"I don't see how you can take it," Vic observed. "Being ordered around by a bunch of strange men night after night."

"I don't mind," she had replied. "In fact, I rather enjoy being ordered around as long as someone like you is doing the ordering."

Vic had laughed. "What time do you get through here?"

"One o'clock."

"Then I order you to meet me after work at that all-night coffee shop a block from here—Bud's. You know the place."

She had looked up into his eyes for a moment before replying: "Yes, master."

At twenty minutes after one she had kept her word. Vic was sitting in a back

booth where he could see the entrance but not be seen from outside; Mireille had come in and looked hopefully around until she located him. Then she had moved quickly to join him.

"I'm here," she had said. "And I don't even know your name."

"Well, took off your shoes and stay a while," he had said. He had been rehearsing the line.

"Thank you," she had said softly, complying. "My name's Mireille."

"I'm Vic Lawes."

Vic was impressed by everything about her. Her face was beautiful in a wild, Oriental way—her eyes held the sparkle of the French. Her figure was perfection in itself, with saucy, perfect breasts, an excitingly tiny waist, inviting hips, lovely legs. But most impressive was the deferential manner she had inherited from her Chinese mother. Vic could sense that she had been taught from childhood that man is king and woman exists only for his comfort and pleasure. Which is the way it ought to be, he reflected.

Damn Cora for wasting three of his best years!

Mireille's every word and action bore out his estimate of her early training. Just being near her made him feel like more of a man than he had at any time in the preceding three years. Maybe it was the worshipful expression in her eyes that did it, or the envy he saw in the eyes of other males wherever they went. Whatever it was, he wanted to experience it often, so he deliberately progressed slowly, unwilling to make a move which would drive this strange and wonderful girl away.

Accordingly, they met each night at the same time, and shared an hour or so of each other's company before Vic would take her to her apartment across town. On the second night he kissed her at her door. On the third, he mentally weighed the chances of being invited inside and spending the night in her bed—deciding against it because he wanted that eventuality to be a decisive occasion.

That night he had sated the hunger in



his loins with a ten-dollar bitch who had to split her fee with the desk clerk in a cheap hotel.

It was on their fifth date that Mireille informed him that after tomorrow night she had two days off before having to return to the dime-a-dance. "I'll miss our dates after work," she sighed. "Unless you have something special you'd like to do those two days..."

It would have been difficult for her to issue a more discreet invitation: It was still up to Vic to suggest — nay, to command! — his own pleasure. Cora — damn her soul! — would have, in similar circumstances, said, "Victor, I have two days off and I want you to take me to such-and-such, and then we'll have dinner at so-and-so and after that see the new show at the such-and-such..." But not Mireille.

Vic reached in his pocket and handed her a key. "I have something VERY special in mind," he said smoothly. He was finding it increasingly easy, with Mireille, to be the masterful male he had always dreamed of being. "I'd like you to pack enough of your things to last for two days, and take them after work tomorrow night to..." He gave her his address, adding, "If I'm in, I'll probably be in bed. Wake me gently."

"You want me to become your mistress?" she inquired with surprising candor.

Vic nodded.

She pursed her lips and blew him a kiss across the table. "As you wish, my darling," she whispered.

Vic arranged to be absent when she arrived; part of it was in keeping with his plan — he was determined never to wait for a woman again in his life — and in case she didn't show up, he would be having a ball anyway. The "ball" consisted of a paperback mystery which he read over coffee at a 24-hour restaurant until he decided that she'd had ample time to get there if she was coming at all. He took his time returning to his apartment, letting himself in with a duplicate key.

The note he had left her on the coffee table, instructing her to make herself comfortable, take a hot, relaxing bath and go to bed, was still there. There was a thrill of mastery, however, when he saw that his signature was now decorated with the lipstick impression of Mireille's kiss. Quietly, he went into the bedroom.

The girl was in bed, wonderfully, trustingly asleep, her black hair spread softly on the pillow, her almond eyes beautiful even when closed. A filmy, diaphanous lace nightgown hugged her curves.

He had often wondered, during the past

week, what Mireille would be like in bed. Judging from her conduct in public, she might very well be the epitome of compliance, greeting each amatory advance with patient, gentle understanding and complete acquiescence. Not like Cora, who



had to be pleaded with in order to get her on her back, and then was like a slab of clay, enduring his lust with all the enthusiasm of the fabled two-dollar whore who ate apples and read confession magazines while her clients climbed on and off. Vic had always felt guilty and a bit unclean

after such a session with Cora. No, Mireille would have been trained in what pleases a man — pleasing him would be uppermost in her mind, not merely enduring him.

Or she might even bring into play the ancient Oriental arts of arousal, whatever they might consist of. Cora would never consider it necessary to AROUSE a male — she was always too busy trying to dominate. Curious, Vic reflected, Cora never tried to dominate the bed. No, that would have been out of character — domination in that department would have indicated interest, even pleasure, in that department. And Cora was as unresponsive as they come.

Mireille would respond, of that he was sure. She would respond to his slightest touch, as a mistress should, probably anticipating his desires before HE even fully realized them. She would follow his lead and elaborate upon it, always waiting that split second to determine the direction and extent to which he wanted to carry each erotic whim. Mireille could not help but be everything that Cora wasn't.

Vic sat gently on the edge of the bed, and turned back the cover to expose more of the Eurasian girl's physical perfection. "Mireille," he said softly.

The girl's black eyelashes fluttered and she looked at him, a smile in her eyes and on her lips. Then, like a jungle cat, she stretched, arching her back, arching her many perfections towards him. Her arms went out and pulled him to her in a wild embrace.

RESPONSE! Just seeing him there had produced more response from her than he had had from Cora in three years.

Their lips met in a declaration of mutual hungers, and suddenly her hands were tearing the clothing from him, stripping him quickly, and in a moment she, too, was gloriously nude, pressing her quivering charms against him with unexpected urgency.

"Every coin has two sides," she murmured huskily, taking his hands in hers and placing them where they would do the most good, "and every woman has two sides to her nature."

Both sides are equally per... he started to say.

"Quiet!" she commanded. "In public you are my master, but in bed I shall be your mistress. Make love to me, my slave!"

Victor Lawes looked into her eyes, scant inches from his, and saw a lust-driven determination glittering behind them. And in that instant he realized that to look into her eyes he had to look up...

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# TRIPLE TREAT





If one beautiful brunette can spell happiness for the average man, two would make him twice as happy, and three would either give him an unequalled paroxysm of ecstasy or wear him out completely just trying to decide where to start. The three darkish darlings presented here are pictorial proof of the above statements. How did those notorious Oriental potentates survive the demands of even a modestly-stocked harem? Were they built of sturdier stuff than Western Man, or did they ignore all but a very few members of the seraglio?



What would happen, we wonder, if a typical Western-style brunette fancier were to return to his bachelor apartment after a hard day at the office, step out on the patio and discover this tempting trio soaking up sunlight? Would he tread softly so as not to startle them? Would he quickly call two friends to share his good fortune? Expecting maybe one girl but not three, would he resolve to have his eyes examined? Or would he act like a gentleman and offer to fix some drinks?



The really confirmed brunnettist would quickly survey the dark tresses of all three, then send up a silent shout of thanksgiving, for not every man has such luck. Of course, if our brunette fancier happened to be an Arab he'd feel cheated, and start looking for the other 69, as the Quoran promises each true believer a staff of 72 luscious lovelies. Of course, the true believer has to die to get them . . . !





But for the modern, apartment-dwelling, non-Arabic male, three such brunettes would be plenty, especially when you consider how cramped the average modern apartment is, anyway. Even with a convertible couch in the living room, there'd surely be a sleeping problem. And although the dishes might get done a mite earlier, think of the grocery bill!

Then, as every man who's ever lived with a woman

knows, there's the little matter of nylons drying in the bathroom or soaking in the washbasin when you want to shave. (Arabian women, we hear, don't wear nylons!) So let's hope, if you ever find three beautiful brunettes basking in your backyard, that only one of them intends to stay . . . unless, of course, you're related to the Saud family and the hardest work you do is slitting open your oil royalties!







With a gentle sneeze in deference to the weather she breezed into my office. A small almost petite girl with a shack of blond hair that fell gracefully over her forehead. She moved with the ease of a cat and her hips swiveled with the agility of a fish. I could see that today would be my lucky day.

"You Mr. Bari?" she asked her face contorting into a pixie like expression.

"Uh huh," I nodded agreeingly. "I'm Susan . . . Susan Rimly."

I looked at that pretty face and wondered where I had heard or read that name lately. She just sat there and watched as I stored.

"So your name's Susan. What can I do for you?"

"I need bail posted for me," she smiled sweetly. I should have ducked right there and then but this intrigued me.

"Well, that's my business, bail. But I don't usually post it for women who are casually walking the street."

She let her eyes wonder for a second as she gazed out my picture window with the words *We Never Close* boldly printed beneath my name and the words *Bail Bandsmen*.

Beyond the window was the bleak exterior of the local precinct of Los Angeles' finest.



She was still gazing languidly out the window when she said, "I'm wanted for murder . . . though of course I didn't do it."

"Of course," I muttered softly.

"Na I really didn't," she repeated turning back to me and giving a slight push with her well rounded breasts.

"Well, what do you want from me?" I asked as she sat back in her chair.

"I want bond."

"Well . . . if you're not in jail you don't need it," I answered.

"Oh, but I will be in a few minutes. You see, I'm going to give myself up. I don't like being a fugitive like this."

I looked at the prettiest fugitive that had ever walked the streets. She was sitting innocently back on the chair allowing my eyes to sweep her figure. She couldn't have weighed more than one hundred pounds, but what she had stocked on that frame would make the best man drool.

"Who do they think you killed?" I asked simply. As long as she could be calm why not?

"My husband," she said simply. "But of course I didn't . . ."

"Yeh, yeh, I know. You didn't do it. Have you seen your lawyer?"

"Yes, this morning. He said to give myself up, but I told him first I wanted to see you and arrange my bail."

Damn thorough of her, I figured. She thinks these things out better than the pros. Rimly, I thought to myself, where the hell had I heard that name before. Well, I'd soon be finding out.

"First I think you'd better take a walk across the street with me. The good sergeant might care to talk with you."

"First I've got to have your word that you'll post my bond. I don't much like being a fugitive but the thought of staying in jail is even worse."

"Can't do that until I find out how much, for how long, and whether you're good for it or not."

She looked at me through what appeared to be watery eyes. I hoped like hell that she wasn't going to cry. Nothing I hate more than a tearing brood.

She started to lean forward in the chair and then decided to get up. She moved towards the back storeroom and the bathroom. I yelled to her that it was inside and to the right. She just nodded and kept going.

# FROLICKING SUSAN

She went into the storeroom and closed the door after her. I was about to yell out that she didn't have to worry I wouldn't rape her in the john when I decided to grab the newspapers in front of me and see if I could find anything about her in them.

On the second page of the Herald was a picture which didn't do her justice and a short column telling that the cops were still looking for her in connection with her husband's death last week. It seems he died from an extra long pointed knife that bore her unmistakable fingerprints on the handle and came from their kitchen.

What the hell, I figured, she'd probably used that knife a hundred times. Maybe someone else got to it that didn't like her old man.

I put down the newspaper and waited for her return. The minutes stretched and I was about to go back and be sure she hadn't flushed herself down when I heard her small voice call for me. I guessed she was having trouble with the old style bowl that you have to pull the cord on so I started into the storeroom.

I had only gotten about two feet inside the door when I heard her call again. But now she wasn't in the john to the right but on my left. I turned quickly expecting the worst only getting the best.

If I thought she was round before I knew she was round now. Her breasts were a soft glowing pink in the semi-light of the closed in room. She didn't have a stitch of clothing on and she moved slowly towards me.

"You look like the strong kind of guy that could make me happy," she said slowly. "Why not give it a slow and easy try?"

I thought about it for a second and the fact that another customer might come in. The sight of her standing there so unexpectedly had not let me fully digest the curves of her flat stomach down to her gracefully swinging hips. Her seemed rounded and firm and she came into my arms.

The smell of her enveloped me as my arms encircled her almost by instinct. Her body moved against mine and I could feel the softness of her skin. She was all woman as I ran my hands down her back and onto her rear. It moved and gyrated

against my touch until I was captivated by it and her.

She had planned this all I know with the same thoroughness that she had conned her lawyer and probably the police. I knew what she was after and I knew she would get it. I didn't feel too badly since I guessed I'd be able to check her out before posting the money. But I had to admit to myself that she was slick. And that was the last thing I remembered about reality as she started to unbutton my shirt.

It didn't take her long with my help to get my clothes off. She'd done it before and I could figure many times. But this was the first time with me and it was driving me insane.

Her hands never stopped carrying me and I didn't know if I could wait any longer. I grabbed for her and started loving. It didn't take me long to finally feel that I would break her apart with my emotion. But then I lay still.

Her hand ran threw my hair stroking it and rubbing my scalp. I lay prostrate in her arms my hands gently fondling her breasts. She was good, there was no doubt about that. She knew what she was doing.

"You want to be sure and post that bond for me as soon as you can, don't you Mr. Barmi?"

"Phil . . ." I said slowly. "Yes, I will."

"Good," she said quietly. "Then we can get together again." And she pushed herself a little bit closer to me.

I would look forward to seeing her again. I didn't give a damn if she killed forty men, she was good in the sack even if here it was only an unused old desk. I figured it'd be a pleasure to spend some time with her in the sanctity of my apartment.

We dressed slowly and then arm in arm went across the street. As we walked into the station we passed about four cops who waved hello and kept on going. I guess the only thing they can recognize is a violation sign on a parking meter, and that only because it's written on it.

The Sergeant was standing behind the desk calmly looking over the day's receipts. That is the stubs that had been turned in from the various beats. Parking stubs naturally.

I walked over and said hello. He looked up, approved of Susan Rimly and went right back down to the ticket stubs. I had to laugh to myself. This guy wouldn't know Dillinger, Capone, and everyone else if they walked in arm in arm.

I tapped him gently on the shoulder. "Sarge, I got a favor to ask of you if your not to busy."

"Nah, not busy at all. What can I do for ya Phil?"

"Lock her up," I said it simply and the Sarge looked at me as if I was nuts and then started laughing.

"You'll have to buy your own chastity belt, buddy," he chuckled.

"She's wanted," I said slowly.

The sergeant just laughed as he looked at Susan. She was coyly smiling and I guessed he'd be as nice to her as apple pie. "Sure she's wanted . . . probably by everybody that meets her. Isn't that right honey?" he asked. And Susan just smiled.

"For murder," I said slowly and with emphasis.

His face changed on that and he concentrated on her still smiling face. "Let me introduce you properly, Sarge, Susan, meet Sergeant Blackhead. Idiot meet Susan Rimly."

He glowered at me and I knew I'd struck a few nerves. But now I was all smiles. He took Susan's arm not so gently and started moving her down the aisle. The farther away they got the less pressure he exerted on her arm. I could see her smile gradually melting his cold cold heart. I chuckled to myself and guessed he'd be in hot water if he gave her the keys in exchange for what he was thinking.

I started out the door as a short, fat, and balding guy moved over and unctuously grabbed my arm.

"Barmi?" he asked slobberingly.

"That's me," I replied coldly.

"I see Mrs. Rimly has already seen you." The sides of his mouth were dripping saliva and I figured he was handling this case in more ways than one. It seems she got around.

"Yeh," I said. "She's being booked right now."

"Good, good, good!" he said as he rubbed his hands together quickly. "Now if I can get her signature on these papers we'll have her out of here in a jiffy."

That "we" had me a bit fooled. I hadn't but just delivered her and I

continued on page 38





modern males  
prefer  
dark-haired  
damsels

**BRUNETTE** Magazine recently interviewed almost 100 busy men of action who were known to be entertaining brunette companions, either in the capacity of wife, mistress, sweetheart or expense-account item. When asked why they preferred brunettes, the answers boiled down to the following seven reasons:

1. **BRUNETTES** are more creative. Since they have had to spend less time keeping beautiful, they've had the time to try out some rather interesting areas of creativity — and they're generally not afraid to try something new.



2. **BRUNETTES** are more enthusiastic. They can allow themselves to have more fun, and they put more of themselves into each activity. Maybe it's because they don't show dirt as easily.



3. **BRUNETTES** are more willing to travel. Not being tied down to any particular hair-dresser might have something to do with it; also there's the fact that they're usually in better health than blondes or redheads.

4. **BRUNETTES** are more of a challenge. They're not so concerned with Self that they can't meet you half way — or come up with an effective parry for your every thrust. They keep you in shape.



**BRUNETTES** are more relaxing. As they don't have to live up to a scatterbrained reputation, they're more logical, more reasonable, and much less demanding than any other type of woman.

6. **BRUNETTES** are more stimulating. Since there are more brunettes than blondes or redheads, each girl has had to learn to compete with her brunette sisters, and has made a point of improving herself as much as possible.



7. **BRUNETTES** are more abundant. Not only are there more brunettes to choose from, but they're individually more abundantly built; in the dark they look more like girls. They also act more like girls.



*Notes on Bagging the....*

# **BRUNETTE BOMBSHELL**

ONCE UPON A TIME, there was a scurrilous lie foisted upon the moles in the Western Hemisphere: the fiction that women do not want, enjoy, crave, take delight in and hope for sex. For this idiocy, we have our glorious Puritan ancestors to thank — pernicious paranoids such as John Cotton and Increase Mather, who co-authored the Blue Laws of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the early 1600s.

(The Puritans, in case you didn't know, were the Johnnies who came early to America's heathen shores because the civilized world wouldn't put up with their bigoted persecution of everybody who didn't agree with their own narrow mythalogy. Surprisingly, one of today's most liberal religious groups, the Congregationalists, claims the Mather gang as direct spiritual forbears, which only goes to show that in Los Estados Unidos anything can happen.)

Anyway, these idiots who wanted the religious freedom to persecute everybody else made a major point of branding every function of the flesh sinful, and monoged to convince the Puritan Mathers that they were eternally damned if they so much as thought they enjoyed the process of conceiving the next generation. And the Puritan Mothers, in turn, taught their sinfully conceived offspring that "good girls" and "good boys" do not enjoy sex. Of course, in order to leave an excuse for the infrequent cohabitation necessary to preserve the race, they included in their concept of



the male nature the filthy trait of animal lust — a curse, so to speak, which the human race has to acknowledge (but which good men and women NEVER encourage!). Other religions connected this trait with Adam's supposed expulsion from the garden of Eden, and insist that all humans are inherently damned on account of "original sin."

Of course, you and I are intelligent enough to realize — consciously, at any rate — that this is a bunch of hogwash. But the damage was done long ago, and even the most rational of men is sometimes plagued by subconscious guilt feelings because he enjoys the act of sex. Many of our less intellectually alert brethren feel an actual compulsion to confess their "sinful" natures to the nearest witch doctor each week.

Fortunately, all males are not so subconsciously plagued.

But all women are. Whether they realize it or not.

For all women have been taught, either by their mothers or their school-teachers (and if you want to find a sexual neuratic take a look at the average schoolmarm! She has to be that way in order to keep her job, for the real psychopaths are on the Board of Education . . .) or by reading the sentimental stories found in women's magazines — (the only real difference between the so-called slicks and the so-called confessions is the amount of four-color printing which is directly tied in with the amount and cost of the advertising in them — the predigested pop in their editorial pages is identical). All of these sources preach the sick doctrine that sex is dirty, undesirable, and not really much fun, either.

Its no wonder we have neurotic women! For the female human, chemically and biologically, is just as capable of enjoying sex as the rest of us.



Anyway, you and I are reasonable men, with reasonable urges and fairly normal sex drives. We like women. Specifically, we like brunettes better than any other sort of women, and while blonde-enthusiasts may call us fetishists in this respect, our preference is really nothing more than a mild idiosyncrasy. We have learned through bitter experience that the average brunette tends to be a bit less neurotic than the others.

But she's still got her cultural hang-up, her deeply ingrained feeling that there is something distasteful about sex. "Love" is wonderful, but sex is an animalistic lust. Okay, she's got it; we've got to either put up with it or find a way to get around it. For, let's face it, the basic relationship between a man and a woman is sexual. If you have any doubt on this point, get a copy of *With Love*, which is Maurice Chevalier's autobiography.

Now, we're smart enough to know that all brunettes are not desirable. We're interested in a certain sort of brunette. We want her to be physically attractive, we want to be able to get "all hat and

bothered" about her. We want her to be smart enough to talk to about something deeper than the latest romance between Liz and Dick, or whoever else has caught the fancy of the syndicated rumor mongers. We want her to enjoy doing the same things we enjoy doing. We would like, ideally, for her to be as enthusiastic about having sex with us as we are about having sex with her — but that's almost too much to ask. Remember her cultural hang-up.

We can name this type of brunette the "Brunette Bombshell" because she has all the ingredients for a wonderful explosion if only we can get far enough with her to light her fuse.

(Curiously, even the doll who really, consciously, wants to make the scene in the way it ought to be made, has been schooled in the so-called niceties of life, and knows that if she gives in to her and your mutual desire too soon, you will think she's nothing but a slut. Her culture demands that she make it difficult for you. The key word here is the expression "gives in" — which

can be interpreted as "weakening" "succumbing" "slipping" etc., implying that it is "best" to be "strong" and to be "virtuous." It might be fitting here to include the thought, expressed long ago by a very wise man, that of all sexual aberrations, the most peculiar is abstinence.)

So remember, as you play this little game, that you've got to sneak up on her with the idea of doing what she really wants to do all along, in order for that idea to be acceptable to her. It's a stupid way to run a world, but we're stuck with it. Some "romantics" get so engrossed with the preliminary mumbo-jumbo that they sincerely believe that nine-tenths of the fun of sex is getting there in the first place.

Either the people who believe this are sick enough to get their kicks from the dating process itself, or they're not very skillful in bed. We're assuming that you can enjoy the non-sexual and the quasi-sexual activities which a boy and girl can share, but that you don't enjoy this preliminary fencing as much as sharing the sex act itself with her. For if you do, there's obviously something wrong with the way you enjoy sex.

The emphasis of this article, however, is upon the preliminaries. An aptum stondord to shoot for, a compromise between the instant bedding you both really want and the endless sterile dotes she's been taught to believe she should want, is a course designed to get the most fun out of the build-up (and make it a real build-up for both of you) and of the same time get her where you both belong as quickly as possible.

Strangely, the Puritans had an answer to this, too: bundling. Some people say that a Volkswagen, with its gearshift sticking up between you, is an effective modern equivalent of the bundling bed. We recall a man who forbade his



daughter to go out with a man who owned a Nash — that was the year Nash introduced the reclining front seat which made up into a bed. According to some authorities, drive-in theaters serve the purpose quite well. But again, we are putting the cart before the horse, and leaping to the conclusion of our campaign before the groundwork is properly laid.

Actually, taking the doll to a movie is not the quickest way to get where you want to go, far most movies, if they deal with sexual subjects, preach the same sex-is-sin hagwash as the women's magazines. The girl who indulges is punished while the girl who holds out for marriage earns the approval of everybody. (There are some foreign movies which do not have this built-in bugaboo, but you have to choose them with care.)

Besides, there's nothing memorable about going to a movie. A far better approach is to take her on a hike, a picnic, a beach-party, rack

hunting in the desert, skindiving, etc., and make sure there is another couple along who have already gone through the preliminaries and can be counted on to disappear for several hours. This not only gives her the initial assurance of "safety in number" but later on gives her an example to conform to, thereby minimizing her guilt. Just take care to provide enough non-sexy activities so she can talk about the day later, thereby negating the suspicions of those around her who would be unhappy to know that she is a normal, healthy girl.

As for the other part of your program, the only way to guarantee that you'll be the best lover she's ever had is to practice diligently and frequently, until you've mastered every technique which could possibly result in mutual pleasure.



Just remember, deep down inside she wants it just as much as you do. It's up to you to let her have what she wants without making her feel cheap, easy, guilty of sinful afterwards.



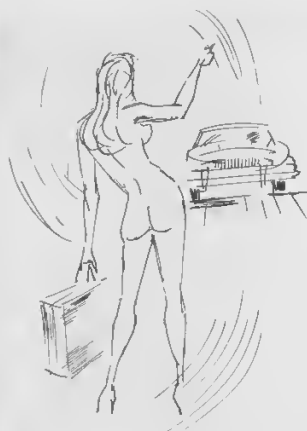
# \* BARELY BRUNETTE

There's more to being brunette than just having  
black hair!

Though she's barely brunette she's beautifully built in a bounteous, busty fashion. And the fact that she's brunette where it counts (at heart!) is obvious from the candor in her eyes, the challenging tilt to her dainty chin, the fun-loving flirtatiousness inherent in every delightful line of her wonderful body. When a girl's got so much to offer, no brunette-fancier should pass her by simply because she's sometimes mistaken for a Brownette!









# FROLICKING SUSAN

wanted time before I waltzed in with money to get her out. She didn't seem the most probable risk.

But he grabbed my arm and we started for the back offices. We shortly found Susan and she signed the papers. He moved to a phone and had the judge on the phone. He had already seen him and ironed the whole thing out. I wondered if Susan had been there too.

The lawyer hurried out to get the proper signatures from the judge and I moved back to my office. Susan detained me a minute to tell me that it had been set at fifty thousand bucks. That's a lotta money, I figured. But I'd imagine the state must have an airtight case.

As I got back to the office I put out some calls on her. But the only thing I found out was that she was a sweet thing that had been doing on the side for about three years. Bartenders to auto salesmen had sampled her wares and all of them found her charming and a good risk. I was dubious, but what the hell was I going to do. I couldn't find anything else against her except that she probably killed her husband, but that happens every day out here, and besides that's the business I'm in.

So I decided to make a couple more calls, and if I still had this funny feeling I'd tell her to go to hell. But the lawyer came in at that moment, a gleeful expression on his face. He'd gotten the bail set and all the signatures. All he needed now was my security and cash.

I decided to not go along when the thought of having her once more and all that interest began to prevail upon me. So I moved to my safe and took out the necessary five grand in cash plus the securities and started across the street.

We paid the dough over and produced the documents for the lieutenant's inspection and then gave him the copies. Susan emerged a free woman, at sarts, without ever having been shown to a cell.

She told the lawyer to meet him at his office a little later and then winked slowly at him. Rubbing his hands together in anticipation he moved out of the scene and we went over to my office. I guessed it was time to begin again.

We got better acquainted this time but the stareraraam desk was just as hard. I was glad she lay on it and I had the comfort of her body. She was warm, she was sweet, she was good. And as her hands found their way over and around and up and down my body I couldn't have wished for anything more.

As we finished I found myself so exhausted I didn't want to move. She wouldn't let me cradle my head in her arms. I lay there completely at peace with myself and the world and dozed off.

I woke up over an hour later and she was gone. I figured it was probably the lawyers turn next. I dressed and moved slowly around the office. It was four o'clock and the shadows of the day were beginning to creep in the window. I decided to turn on the lights and watch the changing of the guard across the street.

The new crew came in joking and laughing, ready for a big night with the illegal parkers. The old crew limped out sorely tested from a day of scribbling tickets. Then, like a bull in a china shop the good sergeant charged out the doors and across the street to my office.

"It's gone," he babbled hysterically. "It's gone. My God, sixteen years on the force and somebody stole my box."

"I don't know what the hell you mean," I said as I grabbed him and tried to calm him down. "What the hell is gone?"

"My box," he repeated hysterically. "My strang box and your five grand."

I looked at him and started to laugh. I figured he was getting even for this afternoon with Susan.

"I'm not kidding, Phil. That broad came back in and I was alone. She made me lay her in the Captain's office and before I could get dressed and get the hell back up she was gone. And just now when I went to get the box and sign it over to Drucker I found it was gone. That little bitch stole your dough."

I didn't believe it. I charged out of there for her attorney's office. I ran up his stairs and knocked on the door. It was empty. I broke it in and he was gone. I called her home and no one answered. Then I called the airport and was told that two people of that description had purchased tickets to Mexico City and had left thirty minutes ago on the flight.

Mexico City, I guessed, was my next stop. The Sarge may have lost his job and pension over a little lay, but I wasn't going to be out fifty thousand while she and her joy-riding attorney screwed it up on my dough.

I arrived in Mexico City via the next available flight. I went directly to a friend of mine, Hernandez's. He ran the local bond racket with a tight fist. My guess was that if anybody could find them and fast it would be him.

He was glad to see me, and since bad news travels fast he knew about the money, the broad, and the attorney. Figuring that I'd be down on the next flight he had taken the liberty of starting a search . . . for a fee, naturally. And as soon as I walked in he began telling me how costs were running up.

The total would be about five hundred bucks, and that ain't hay for such a fast lay. But I decided to pay it gladly and get my satisfaction from Susan.

Hernandez dragged in some faad from under some counter and we munched and waited. His boy's would be thoroughly but it would take time. So I sat and mentally considered the various things I should do when Susan and I met in the very near future.

The wait didn't take lang. These were amateurs and hadn't hidden their tracks very well at all. They

were staying in a little hotel on the outskirts of Mexico City. A dump but good by the local standards.

Hernandez took a little persuading before I convinced him that there would be no dough till I got mine back and Susan back across the border and into the U. S. where she could stand double charges now. He wouldn't take no for an answer but I loosened my three button jacket and showed the butt of my snub-nosed .38. This changed the picture and his complexion. I explained quickly that the ten per cent he was charging was pretty steep and that I wanted my money's worth, and that we boys should stick together. That didn't cut much ice, but the combination of arguments persuaded him.

I drove out in one of his cars to the hotel. They had registered as Mr. and Mrs. and besides were in the room right now. How lucky can a guy be, I thought to myself, and started up the stairs to the third floor suite they had rented.

It would have been foolish to knock so I just kicked the door in. They were sprawled out on the bed right in the middle of having some fun. I looked down

and wondered how the hell she could stomach such a greasy looking guy. How he was tempted was easy to see.

Her breasts rose and fell as she recovered from the surprise. She sat up and looked for all the world as if a long lost friend had just made an unexpected entrance. She kicked the covers over fat-boy and slid off the bed.

"Close the door, Phil. You don't want the neighbor's talking do you?"

I was just plain flabbergasted so I kicked it shut with my foot. She kept coming towards me. Off the bed from one man and all set to start in with the next. That set my mind back on its pins. I could think clearly again.

As she approached I asked her gently where the dough was. That was simple for her to answer. She just motioned towards the attache case lying on the only chair in the room.

Fatty's eyes were roaming all over the room. He couldn't decide on what course to take. If he preferred modesty he'd stay in bed.

If he'd rather try getting the hell out he'd cause quite a sensation moving through the streets

The picture of that almost set me laughing, but by now Susan had reached me.

She rapped her arms around the back of my neck and tried to cluck seductively in my ear. I looked at fat boy over her shoulder and he looked at me. He was about to look relaxed as if to say you see, buddy, that's how she got me too, when I gave her a five inch to the belly. She folded like an accordion her expression as she slid to the floor one of tremendous surprise. Her face was contorted in fear and desperation. She finally figured out that I wouldn't be sucked in for the some routine twice. But you've got to hold it to her she was still trying.

Sweet little Susan rolled up like a ball and started regaining her breath. I was counting the money when she grabbed for me. I just sidestepped in time and stopped with the side of my hand. It caught her against both breasts and she screamed as she slid back to the floor clutching her chest and moaning.

I ordered fat boy to throw on some clothes. He wasn't about to do anything. He'd seen the .38 too. Susan was something else again. She wouldn't cooperate, and much as it broke my heart I had to belt her again. This one she'd sleep off.

She didn't think I'd be able to get her out of the country. She'd call for the cops, well not on her pretty little life.

Fatty and I threw some clothes over her and carried her downstairs into the car. We drove straight to the airport, and there was my old buddy Hernandez hand outstretched. I paid him off after he'd gotten a drink for me from the bar. I forced it down sweet Susan's throat and we boarded the plane supporting our drunk companion between us.

The stewardess brought us some lunch and we ate the three of them ourselves. There was no sense wasting the food. About halfway through the flight Susan started waking up and looking towards our fat friend. One good belt to the mid-section and she rested peacefully the rest of the way.

We got off, money, Susan, and for boy. I hailed a cab from L. A. International and found myself delivering a surprise package to a more surprised Sergeant. I had figured him to have turned in his badge by now, but he'd waited for a day or two letting things take their course. I told him to take credit in apprehending her if it would do any good, but he guessed like me that the best he could get off with would be immediate demotion and a beat somewhere near the waterfront.

When Susan woke up she was telling the Captain an interesting story about brutality, crossing international borders, and the like. But her attorney said it must have been a result of the bender she'd gone on after heisting the dough. We had that worked out finely. Besides there weren't any marks on her except black and blue breasts, and that could have come from too much loving. And everyone knew how prone she was for that.



But I didn't get out so well. It had cost me almost a grand to get her back and save the other forty nine. But at least my attorney's fees were paid for the next years.





# GARMAN'S



# PROBLEM

by JOE KINNEY

ONLY A MONTH BEFORE, Garman Wishbone purchased a small curio shop, which he ran himself. It was unique inasmuch as he catered to tourists with the usual curios from all over the universe. Since his wife was rich, he really didn't have to work. The only reason that prompted him to buy a business was so he could hire one of those Pluto girls he had been hearing so much about lately.

He had far better sense than to go to the Earth Employment Agency where he could get a beautiful, even voluptuous human girl. Mrs. Wishbone would most assuredly clamp a damper on that kind of life. But at the office of the Universal Employment Service, where for reason of reciprocity, they obtained jobs exclusively for Pluto and Saturn girls — well, to his amazement his wife didn't go for this either. This he couldn't understand at all. What could be wrong with the idea?

After all, the girls from Pluto weren't the most beautiful dolls in the universe. In fact, they wouldn't even come close in comparison with universal standards. The prettiest, most shapely legs of all don't arouse a man's desires, especially when there are three pairs of them; and making love to one of these girls would be ridiculous, considering they had three puckered mouths, an upper, middle, and lower — each about the size of a child's marble in circumference — and the tendency to wink six eyes all at once when emotionally aroused.

All the same, Garman wanted one. Compared to his wife, anything at all would be a fringe benefit. But his wife said no, and was quite firm about it.

"No Pluto girl, or any other kind," she said. "That's my decision, and it's final. Do you understand, Garman? I don't wish to discuss it any more."

"But, darling . . ." he murmured.

"No 'buts' about it. I said no."

"But be sensible, Ruth," Garman begged. "There's nothing wrong with employing a Pluto girl. Stores all over town hire them. So why can't I? I need someone."

"Don't be silly, Garman," she laughed. "You know very well you can manage your shop alone. You're acting extremely childish about the whole matter. The same way



There was a misty film in her eyes when she said, "Do you still love me after all these years, you crazy man, you?"

"Why, certainly I do," he replied. "Whatever makes you ask such an absurd thing?"

"But you don't love me. Not as much as you use to. You're only saying that you do."

"Now, sugar, let's not talk like that. You know better than to think that of me."

Mrs. Wishbone's thoughts rolled back reminiscently through their fifteen years of married bliss. It was quite hard now to remember Garman as a dashing, young space policeman who looked so romantic and stalwart in his shiny blue kovar suit. She had always wondered if he married her for money. . . No, surely he had not, she told herself. His love for her was real, she thoughtfully reflected, as she rubbed the wart on the end of her prominent nose. Maybe she was being selfish about this whole thing? It was mean of her to think his intentions spurious. Maybe she should relent?

And she did.

"Garman," she said. "I've changed my mind. You can hire a girl to clerk in your shop. A girl from Saturn."

Garman turned pale.

"Oh, no! Heaven forbid!" he practically



you acted when you were determined to buy that silly shop. Now try acting your age for a change. Besides, I should think you would consider my physical condition once in awhile."

She was referring as always, he knew, to a slight case of space fever she had contracted fifteen years before when they had taken their honeymoon trip to Venus. Apparently, she was never going to get well again, or else, unfortunately, she simply didn't WANT to get better.

"Do you feel another spell coming on, dear?" he asked, solicitously.



continued on next page





screamed, and his calm disposition went all to pieces. "Saturnites give me the creeps."

"Now, Garman, you know better than to say monstrous things like that about them. They're just as much human as you are. They can't help it if they look a bit different."

Garman dripped the back of a chair for support. This was a demoralizing predicament. "Good Lord, Ruth! They're green all over, and slimy, and their faces remind me of a picture of a rhinoceros I once saw in an ancient book."

"What you say may be true, but I understand they're very efficient workers," she replied in a calm dull voice. "One of them would make you an excellent clerk. Being you consider your work so important and all, certainly you'd want an efficient, dependable employee. What's the matter, Garman? Are you sick?"

He had collapsed into the chair, and his eyes bugged out like two cherries in a glass of buttermilk. His skin was a mess of goose pimples, and cold chills were racing up his spine.

"Oh, my poor darling," she soothed. "I'll put you to bed and call a doctor at once. Two or three days rest from the shop and—"

"Not by the orbits of the sun, you won't," he shouted, and sprang out of his chair. "I mean—er—I can't afford to close the shop. Think what would happen to my tourist trade. NO. A man must do what he has to do, and I must go to the shop."

An overwhelming urgency made him rush out of the house, jump into his sports-jet, and blast off to hunt for a suspended cocktail lounge.

He downed six dry double Venustinis, and chased them with a couple Earthstinis. After awhile his head started spinning, and miniature Saturnites began dancing around and around. The sight was horrifying. They stood upright on two thick hind legs and fanned the air with short scaly arms. Some had one horn and others had two on their thick-skinned snouts. Their purple eyes gleamed while they chewed their cuds. They were such awesome creatures. And it was said that they could eat half a ton of food a day.

Then, after a couple more Venustinis, he began talking aloud to himself about Plutonians. The bartender became immensely interested in his customer's solitaire conversation, and moved down the bar.

"Well, you can always put a sack over their heads," he smirked, and laughed uproariously. "Aside from their faces, they don't look so bad. Just think, three pairs



of legs, and I've yet to see a pair that's not shaped to perfection.

"Say no more," Garman said, immensely impressed.

He downed another drink, and left hurriedly. He had to look into this situation. If only his wife wasn't so set on Saturnites. At twelve o'clock he had lunch with the owner of the next door delicatessen.

"Well," the owner beamed, after they were through eating. "I assume you like your new business."

"Yes, I certainly do," Garman said. "There's only one thing that bothers me."

"Yes? What's that?"

"I'm going to have to hire a clerk to assist me. So many things are piling up, and—"

"I can certainly understand that situation. What did you have in mind?"

"Well, I was considering a Pluto girl, but I guess I'm going to be forced to settle for a—"

"Say no more," the owner said, sympathetically. "'I know what you mean. You see, I'm a married man, too.'"

"Well, I guess the only thing I can do is make the best of it. My wife demands I hire a Saturn girl, and that's that. She claims they're very efficient and dependable."

"Well, now, that all depends on the girl," the owner said. "Some are, and some aren't. Exactly which type do you want?"

"Which type?" Garman frowned. "Man, I only know of ONE type. You mean there's another?"

The owner laughed, and winked. "Certainly. I thought you knew Well, I'll clue you in, but remember, don't breath a word of this to a soul. It's confidential, and we Earth men in the KNOW don't wish our dream world destroyed. Dig?"

Garman nodded.

The owner went on. "Well, as you know, human beings first landed on the Saturn planet proper. Since then, our scientists have developed serums to civilize the people there so that they can be brought to Earth as workers. Meanwhile our space explorers have been exploring the many moons of Saturn. Two years ago they found inhabitants one one of these moons. That was all, just one, and since then, they've been bringing a few of them to Earth. You see, this moon was found to be a small world all its own. It radiated its own heat, and produced its own atmosphere. And the people there are—" he paused, and stared quizzically at Garman, "You do understand this is confidential?"

"Why sure," Garman said.

"Well, I'll let you see for yourself," the owner said. "I have two Plutonians work-

ing for me, much to my wife's dislike, and I'm going to hire a Saturn girl this afternoon." He paused, and laughed. "I'll be in the doghouse for sure, but I'm going to do it anyway. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pick out a good one for you while I'm at it, and send her to you. Okay?"

"You bet," Garman said, highly elated with the thought.

That afternoon the musical chimes rang, indicating that some one had entered the ship. Garman looked up from what he was doing at the time.

"Hello," she said. "I'm Sherri. The Universal Employment Service sent me."

Garman swallowed, and almost choked. He noticed that she was approximately five foot four with black hair that tumbled around her shoulders. She had two eyes

of the deepest shade of blue, and two beautifully shaped legs. Her prettily shaped lips enhanced her single rosebud mouth. She was gorgeous, so exquisitely luscious, so extremely beautiful, so—

"They said you need a girl!" she said, and slinked closer . . .

"Well, how did everything go at the shopp today?" Mrs. Wishbone asked him that evening.

"Fine," he replied.

"Did you hire a clerk?"

"Yes," Garman said, and shrugged. "A Saturn girl."

"Are you satisfied with her?"

"Yes," he said. "Very much." And he tried to concentrate on the evening paper.



# PERFORMANCE

BY JOHNATHON CHADWICK

AT FIRST BRENNAN thought the girl in the cheap dress was waiting for someone, from the way she kept glancing at the clock over one end of the counter. There had been a cup of coffee in front of her when he came into the place, and now that his steak had arrived it was still there. She toyed nervously with the ashtray, and once looked directly at Brennan, who was seated in a small booth along one wall of windows.

The girl was extremely attractive, and as such was much more interesting to look at than the gray Pacific outside. Brennan let his eyes linger on the supple lines of her figure as he started on his steak. She weighed, he guessed, about 105 to 110. A trim waist. Adequate but unsensational fanny, nice firm breasts. Real? He wondered.

Her face was pretty, but not glamour-girlish. She wore her dark hair in a carefully dishevelled fashion, in line with the current style. But, he was pleased to note, it wasn't the ultra-carefully dishevelled effect that a woman pays thirty-five dollars for in a beauty shop.

The girl opened her shabby purse and brought out a small red wallet from which she extracted a half dollar. After a moment she put the coin back and closed her purse again. It was a frugal gesture, as if she wanted to reassure herself that she still had fifty cents.

He heard her tell the counterwoman, "I might as well have dinner. Fix me a side of French fries, will you?"

Brennan smiled. Munching on a square of steak, he watched the girl until she glanced his way. He leered meaningfully, sweeping her figure with an obvious singleness of purpose. Then he winked.

The girl frowned and looked away.

Brennan pulled an expensive, hand-tooled wallet from his coat pocket and placed it on the table, carefully exposing the corner of a ten dollar bill. A moment later her eyes met his again. Brennan smiled and looked pointedly at the money, then at the girl.

For an instant he thought he saw a look of desperation in her eyes, but then she smiled coldly and shook her head.

Brennan pulled the corner of a second ten into view. The girl's injured expression softened perceptibly.

He motioned towards the thick sirloin. She nodded.

A few minutes later she was sitting opposite him in the tiny booth.

A second steak sizzled on the broiler.

"When did you eat last?" Brennan asked softly.

"I don't really remember," she said. "I—I don't make a practice of letting strange men buy my meals."



# E PREMIERE

PP



There was something disarming about joining your date in a shower, Brenna thought. It establishes a rapport with a member of the opposite sex to display herself *au naturel* . . . even if she has known him for only an hour or so.

"I understand. Do you have a place to live?"

She looked at him sharply. "I think so," she faltered. "Unless the landlady—"

"I'll take care of that," he said abruptly. "Part of it, anyway."

"You're very kind."

He looked at her speculatively and shook his head. "I'm not Santa Claus," he said.

"I won't disappoint you," she said quietly, biting her lip.

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"First time?" he asked.

She nodded, nervously tearing at a piece of bread. "I never thought it would come to this," she said.

"Look, miss — if you think I'm taking advantage of you we'll just have dinner and then call it quits."

She shook her head. "I need the money," she said.

Brennan watched her devour the steak. She seemed to be trying valiantly not to act like a starved animal. For a moment he considered giving her twenty bucks at the end of the meal and sending her on her way. But then his eyes fell on the line of her throat and the modest amount of cleavage visible from where he sat, and he changed his mind. She would be an interesting diversion for the evening.

"I feel much better now," she said, smiling gamely and pushing her empty plate aside.

Brennan finished his coffee. "Let's go for a drive," he suggested.

He took her to a motel where he had temporarily put up until he could find a suitable apartment. Once inside, she looked around nervously seemingly at a loss for something to say.

"My offer still stands," he said brusquely. "If you don't want to go through with it—"

The girl shook her head quickly. "I'm sort of new at this kind of thing, Mr. Brennan," she said.

"Don't worry about it. I think if we were to take a shower it might wash away some of your uncertainty." He flashed her a boyish smile, eliciting a smile from her in return. "Okay?"

Brennan took off his coat and hung it over a chair back. "Last one in's a coward."

With nervous fingers she started removing her clothes. Brennan was aware enough not to look directly at her as she disrobed, but out of the tail of his eye he kept track of the always interesting proceedings. The girl had a fine body, and was apparently proud of it. She took her time about denuding herself.

Brennan quickly slipped out of his own clothing and shuffled into shower clogs. Then he turned to face the girl, who had now reduced her covering to cotton panties and a frayed brassiere. "I'll give you a hand with that," he said, deftly unhooking the bra band. She smiled nervously at him over her shoulder, and shrugged out of the uplifting array of circle-stitching. Her breasts were magnificent — not overly large, not ponderous, but certainly not stunted either. "Nice," Brennan said noncommittally, and walked abruptly to the bathroom.

He had the temperature adjusted by the time the girl, now totally nude and quite self-conscious about it, appeared in the doorway.

"Grab a wash cloth," he said, stepping under the gentle spray.

He stood aside to let her in beside him, then handed her a bar of soap. There is something disarming about joining your date in a shower, Brennan knew. It establishes a rapport that cuts across a girl's natural reticence to display herself *au naturel* to a member of the opposite sex she has known for only an hour or so. The technique had never failed him yet.

After a few fumbling moments she was cooperating won-



derfully. Brennan was pleased, on two levels. He was always grateful when he could talk a winsome female into scrubbing his back.

Minutes later they towed dry. The shower and the rough towel made the girl's skin glow enticingly. She made no objection when he pulled her to him and nibbled at her earlobe.

The next hour or so proceeded without a hitch in the direction Brennan wanted. The girl, in spite of her early reluctance to have anything to do with him, was obviously not a novice. With a little more training, he reflected, she could make a good living by going into business for herself. He was pleased that he could teach her a few things.

Afterwards, as he lay exhaustedly beside the smiling girl, he asked her, "Now that wasn't so difficult, was it?"

She sighed in satisfaction. "No — I sort of enjoyed myself, Mr. Brennan."

"I'm glad. You seem like a pretty decent girl. You make me almost ashamed of what I just did."

"Don't be ashamed," she said. "I enjoyed it."

"How much do you actually need?"

"You—" she hesitated, "—you offered me twenty."

"We'll forget that. I'd feel better if I didn't think I was actually buying that last hour or so. You probably would, too."

"Are you saying it wasn't worth twenty dollars?"

"How much rent do you owe?"

"Thirty-five dollars," she said.

"Okay," Brennan reached for his wallet. "I'm going to loan you that thirty-five dollars — plus twenty to eat on. I'd like to do more for you, but I'm a little short right now."

She was crying, blinking rapidly to hold back the tears. "Oh, Mr. Brennan—" she sobbed, and threw her arms around his neck.

"Hey, now! Don't misunderstand. This is a loan; I'm not paying you for your services. If you ever see me again and you want to pay it back, fine. And if you ever get cold at night and you need someone to snuggle up to, I'll be available. Understand?"

She kissed him and clung to him for several minutes while her sobbing abated.

"Now what do you want to do?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"We can put our clothes back on and I'll drop you off anywhere you desire. Or if you want to you can spend the night right here."

"If you don't mind," she said, "I'm very comfortable right where I am. And," she added coyly, "if you get any ideas later on, Mr. Brennan, don't hesitate to do something about them."

"You know, honey," Brennan said happily, "I think I'm going to like you."

The following night, about eight, Brennan pulled into the parking lot at the same Pacific coast restaurant. He started to get out of the car when he noticed the girl sitting at the counter. He was puzzled when she carefully, frugally extracted the fifty cent piece from the little red wallet, then put it back in. He frowned as she spoke hesitantly to the counter-man.

Brennan sat spellbound and watched the entire perform-

ance unfold in pantomime through the glass window. There was the ordering of a second steak, and the girl's hungrily wolfing it down. Her grateful, hesitant expression. She must be talking about the rent now, he thought. Then the eager, child-like nodding of the head. Her downcast eyes as the two of them got up from the table.

Brennan reached for the ignition key and started the car. He had decided to have dinner somewhere else tonight.

— the end —



# A RAVEN IN THE SUN

A raven in the sun can often have it made in the shade. Brunettes seem designed for dalliance in the great outdoors — for one thing, they don't sunburn as easily as blondes or redheads. In fact, brunettes seem to be a hardy breed all around, a fact one Adolph Hitler helped prove with his ill-fated Aryan Supremacy experiment a generation or so back. Any such program, unless designed to prove the natural superiority of brunettes, is destined for failure anyway. This is because if there is any such thing as a superior race of women brunettes are it. Girls such as the charmer on these pages should be proof enough for anyone.

Where blondes often shy away from direct sunlight for a number of reasons, brunettes shine their brightest in Old Sol's rays. Brunettes, we have found, seem a bit less prone to show complexion imperfections out-of-doors . . . and without such beauty worries; they are free to enjoy themselves fully and to make their men's enjoyment more complete.













# BLACK

Since ancient times, black has been the color of magic, witchcraft, sorcery — and the most notable practitioners of the black arts have been (you guessed it!) brunettes. In the Middle Ages, so great was the people's belief in the magic power which lay in a sorceress' hair that the heads of accused witches were shaved before torture began. It is easy to scoff at such primitive beliefs until we remember that the story of Sampson is regarded as the absolute truth by thousands of intelligent people even today. And take a look at the home permanent ads: "magic" pin curl action, and all manner of other key words which hint, at least, at a strong belief in sorcery along Madison Avenue.



Generally speaking, the more civilized, the more scientific and the less interesting a woman makes herself, the shorter she wears her hair. And of course the reverse of this holds true, too: the more primitive, the more earthy, the more attractive to men and the more interesting she becomes, the longer grows her hair.

By almost universal agreement, there is no woman as ugly as a bald woman. When, at the close of World War II, the French Underground or Maquis took punitive action against Frenchwomen guilty of sleeping with the Nazis who had occupied their country for four years, the revenge was in the form of a shearing.

Countless formerly attractive girls were pitifully repulsive with their suddenly naked scalps shining like hard-boiled eggs in the harsh light of judgement. But on a man, such loss of hair can mean an increase in power — everyone has heard the expression, "bald men make the best lovers" and no one in the world has never heard of Yul Brynner, who got along okay as an unknown actor for years until he shaved his head and became a star, acquiring in the process the heart-throbbing allegiance of millions of American women whose one secret erotic dream was to someday run their fingers over Yul's naked, gleaming scalp. But a bald woman? Ecccch!





# MAGIC

# BLACK

Actually, there are a good many young women walking around today who are either permanently or temporarily bald. They're wearing wigs, usually made of real human hair (imported, for the most part, from Europe). Some of them are victims of flash explosions, others have had scalp diseases, a few lost their hair while working with radioactive substances and not observing proper safety precautions. But the wigmakers say that the baldies among us are in the minority when it comes to buying wigs. "Most of my full wigs," one such gentleman told us, "go to women who want to look as if they've just spent six hours in a beauty shop when really they've splashed away the afternoon in the pool. As a dress accessory, the wig is coming back into its own." Whether or not it will ever regain the popularity it enjoyed in Madame Pompadour's time, when all ladies wore elaborate wigs, is a matter for speculation. Perhaps with the current emergence of the "Cleopatra look" more attention will be paid to the wig. If the girls want to be wholly authentic, and do things the way Cleopatra and her contemporaries in Ancient Egypt did them, they'll shave their heads and wear black wigs, and their manner of dress will expose the breasts completely. But that is not likely to come about. While we're waiting for it, we can look at each long-haired brunette we see and wonder whether or not she's really a witch, and whether or not it would really rob her of her power to have those gorgeous tresses removed. Regardless of the truth of a belief in magic, long black hair, brushed until it glistens, has magic powers of attraction unequalled by anything else on earth.

# MAGIC



# BLACK HEARTED BRUNETTE



There is such a thing, we have discovered, as having too much of a good thing. The reasons most of us prefer brunettes to any other variety of female include the brunette's capacity for higher intelligence, greater independence, more initiative, and an emphasis more upon skill than upon mere beauty. But although each of these qualities is a wonderful thing in a girl, any of them can be carried to an uncomfortable extreme, a condition which can produce what we have no choice but to classify as the "black hearted brunette." This unfortunate creature is always the aggressor, regardless of her protestations otherwise, and like her arachnoid sister, the black widow spider, she's all too often lethal — especially to the poor unsuspecting male she has chosen as her mate! Among other blood-curdling skills, she's an excellent enough driver to compete at Indianapolis, a champion swimmer, a murderous tennis player, an invincible poker addict, and can hold her own with the ten-ounce gloves. As a business opponent she's downright frightening! She may be a challenge to your manly ego, but forget it! Steer her towards your worst enemy if you must, but don't worry about her joining forces with him, as she doesn't know how to cooperate with anybody. Whatever you do, don't antagonize her. She's built for fighting and she fights like a woman — dirty!













# TO A LONELY BRUNETTE

YOU HAD BEEN CRYING when I first saw you, a week ago. It was in the Leopard Room, remember? Of course, you don't remember me, for I was taking on a load at the bar, and you were much too concerned with your Problem to be able to really see your surroundings. You ordered a Vodka Gibson, and you drank it quietly. From time to time you bit your lip, and you studied your fingernails for quite a while. You didn't say anything to anybody, except to order your drink. You didn't miss a scene — and not many people in the bar that afternoon would have noticed the way you felt. It wasn't that obvious.

But I noticed. Maybe it's because I'm no stranger to loneliness myself that I could tell the minute I looked at you that you were lonely. So why didn't I do something about it then? Maybe you'll understand — like a lot of lonely people I'm a little shy, a little cautious. I guess I've missed a good many opportunities by not speaking up at the right moment, but that's the way I am. To be honest, I was a little afraid of you. That's a hell of a thing for a man to confess, but it's true. I shied away from strangers. I have to have time to think before I act, and I don't think too well on my feet. I know now that I should have sent you a drink and extended an invitation to talk to me, if you wanted to. But I didn't. If you're anything like me, you're probably just as happy that I didn't. There are times when a person has to be alone with their unhappiness, in order to get it all out of their system.

Anyway, the next day you came back. You were still quiet, but you seemed happier. Were you wearing a new hat? I had the feeling that it was a new hat, and every woman feels better when she's bought a new hat. With a guy it's got to be a new car, but women can do the same thing with a hat. You know?

Whether it was new or not, it sure looked good sitting up there on top of all that wonderful midnight hair of yours. I've always liked girls with long hair, and especially long back hair. I'm glad you're not a blonde, because I can't stand blondes. They're too brittle, somehow. They look as if they're incapable of human warmth. But you look warm. I know you're a sensitive person, and I'll bet you've got a warm heart, for it takes a certain amount of sensitivity to realize you're lonely. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?



And your eyes. I didn't really get a good look at your eyes until that second day I saw you. They're the saddest, most beautiful eyes I think I've ever seen. But why do they make you look as if you're scared of something? The day before, all of you looked hurt — now it's just your eyes. Are you building a wall around yourself so nobody can hurt you again? That's what I did, you know. There was this girl, and I thought I was in love with her, you know? I was making all sorts of plans for the future, where we'd live, how I'd take care of her and all that, when suddenly she informs me that we're through. Bang. Just like that. I guess maybe something like that happened to you, because I remember catching a good look at myself in a mirror right after this other girl gave me the go bye, and my eyes looked the same way. It's funny, 'cause most people after they get to know me say I'm a real happy fellow. You just can't tell, sometimes.

Only why would any guy want to get rid of someone like you? He must be an idiot. I know if I had a girl as beautiful and as sensitive as you are, I'd never make you that unhappy as you were those first couple of days. I just couldn't do a thing like that to you. I've dreamed about you for too many years to let that happen.

I know this is going to sound crazy, but I feel like I've known you for a long time, and it was only a week ago that I first laid eyes on you. And since I've known you for so many years, I think I might have the right to tell you I love you. Don't laugh. That's the one thing I can't take, and that's people laughing at me. I'm sensitive that way.

It gets lonely as hell in this city, sometimes, as I guess you're finding out. The next day you didn't show up at the Leopard Room and I missed you. The loneliness was so thick in that place you could have cut it with a knife. That's when I realized I loved you. I thought about you a lot that day, trying to remember exactly what you look like, in case I never saw you again. You've got a skin like warm velvet, I can tell that just by looking at you. You're real. And a person doesn't find real people in this world very often these days, do you know what I mean? You're more than just a beautiful face and a glamorous body, you've proved that over and over to me.

I saw the way you put that young stud down the next day, when you came in and he sat down beside you and made a pass. That was the sweetest job of putting a man down I've ever seen. You were a perfect lady about it, but when you got through he must have felt about an inch high. But he was good-looking and he had money, and the average girl you find sitting at a bar in the middle of the after-



noon would have taken him up on his offer. I'm glad you didn't.

I dreamed about you that night. I dreamed you were as much in love with me as I am with you, and you were never going to be lonely again. Neither of us was, for that matter. I dreamed that we were living somewhere away from everything, just the two of us, like in a love nest, except that we weren't making any

demands on each other. That's the way I'd treat you if you were my girl. I wouldn't force you to do anything, but I know you'd know, by some sort of sixth sense, maybe, when I wanted something — and you would want to give it to me. You know?

I don't have much money, and I'm not the best-looking guy in the world, but if you're really you — I mean, if you're the girl I've been dreaming about, money and good looks don't mean much to you. I think we've got more things in common than money could buy. And I think if we let ourselves love each other, and understand each other, I think if we fought the loneliness together, it could work, regardless of where we lived or what else we did. I realize these are pretty rash things for a total stranger to be saying, but I've got to get them off my chest.

And unless I've figured you completely wrong, what I am saying here will make sense to you. I'm hoping that you'll accept this way I've chosen for telling you everything I feel. I must tell you, for I don't think too well on my feet, talking to someone who doesn't know me. Someone who MIGHT laugh.

If you're not the girl I think you are, we'll forget about the whole thing, and you'll never know which one of the men at the bar was idiot enough to put these words on paper. If you're not THE girl, you can go your lonely way and I will go mine.

But if you recognize our kinship of loneliness, and let me know that you see and appreciate my feelings on the matter, then there is no limit to the wonderful things we can do together.

I'll leave this with the bartender to give to you the next time you're in. I may or may not be sitting a few feet away from you. After you read it, I'd like you to take it home with you, so you'll have a chance to think about it, sleep on it if you like.

The next day, if you show up in the Leopard Room and order a double Scotch with water on the side, I'll know. I'll be the Scotch drinker who ordered the Vodka Gibson. We can trade drinks and exchange names then.

I love you very much. I'd like the opportunity to know you better. Please don't laugh.



# BLONDE FOR CONTRAST

Blondes are often brunettes in disguise!



*Why would a true brunette-fancier ever be seen with a blonde on his arm? Well, sir, if you have to ask, you're obviously a novice at the engrossing pastime of brunette appreciation, for it's a basic truth that where women are concerned, all is not always what it seems. The great lue and cry of recent years, of course, has concerned itself with figure falsification, hut that's such a passe topic today that it's hardly worth mentioning. Our point at the moment is exploding the fiction that whether she "does" or "Doesn't" is something which "only her hairdresser knows for sure." An experienced brunettist can tell, with a sort of sixth sense, whether a given girl is a real blonde or one of his favorite type of females.*

*For one thing, if she looks sexier than other blondes in the neighborhood, chances are she's really a brunette. If she has a glimmer of intelligence lurking behind the twinkle in her eyes, she's probably a brunette. And if she shows signs of having more talent than we expect from a blonde, it's a pretty safe bet that she ain't really blonde!*

*Why, then, do self-respecting brunettes bleach their badge of distinction away to a pale travesty of what we know it ought to be? The answer is a bit frightening — they have come to realize that more and more of to-*







day's males are afraid of competent women, and are afraid of having their advances rejected by a girl who knows her own mind. They also realize that blondes have earned a lightheaded reputation for saying yes more often

— so the dark-haired dolls are turning blonde just to get somebody to make a pass at them. Let's face it, men, the girls know our secret: they know that there aren't many of us left with the courage to appreciate a real woman . . .















# ***DARK DECEPTION***



The trouble with women, brunettes included, is that they were once taught that women should be mysterious in order to be interesting. This aura of "mystery" is somehow supposed to make up for the more positive virtues which generations of prudish maidens (brunettes included) either lacked altogether or were ashamed to talk about. Black, of course, is the color of mystery, and since most brunettes have dark eyes, looking into a brunette's eyes is almost a mysterious experience in itself. But still, this is no excuse for them to feel that they must hide everything under a cloak of mystery.







She thinks to keep you interested she's gotta keep you guessing, but as long as she keeps you satisfied, Why complain?



# A TOUCH OF



# BRUNETTE



BRUNETTE/79



Brunettes Are Better In Bed

To A Lonely Brunette



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